
 * THE THANKFUL MAN *

Thankful!

Sure, Bill! I'm as thankful as the little purp that ki-yied away with a tin can to his tail—thankful it wasn't firecrackers!

I'm thankful for a heap of things that might be a whole lot worse.

Frinstance:

I'm thankful turkey's 35 cents a pound. That saves me from foundering on an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner.

I'm thankful my underwear still has 10 per cent wool in it. They might high-tear-off my whole shirt.

I'm thankful God made life just naturally so sweet, in spite of everything, that I don't need much sugar at 8 cents per.

I'm thankful there are **some** newspapers that can be bought for a cent a copy—and **no other way!**

I'm thankful I live in this ga-lorious land of the more-or-less free, instead of in heather Chiny. Those poor, benighted Chinks are smitin' the oppressor queue and thigh. But us enlightened 'Americans know it's ethical to turn out the other pocket and tell pur highbinders to help 'em selves.

You know, Bill, we inherited this sacred Thanksgiving festival from the original Puritan emigrants, and we've got to keep up the good, old customs. They had **heaps** to be thankful for. Only half of them died of bad food and frosted toes. The Indians usually let the rest of 'em alone, **provided** they kept together and prayed with one eye open and a finger on the trigger. There was plenty of land for all, after they'd picked a few tons of rock off each acre. And their **blue laws** permitted them to smile—on **week days**—if they could find a stray grin somewhere.

And us?

Why, Bill, just think how much worse things might be!

Supposin' Taft should go gallivantin' around all the time.

Suppose the Soo-preme Court should amend all the laws against highway robbery?

Suppose we had to pay for the air we breathe, as we do for everything else Old Mother Nature intended we should all use freely?

Suppose we had to crawl home on our bellies every night from

